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# A Southern Flight

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

CLINTON SCOLLARD



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*A Southern Flight*



# A Southern Flight

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN  
CLINTON SCOLLARD

GEORGE WILLIAM BROWNING

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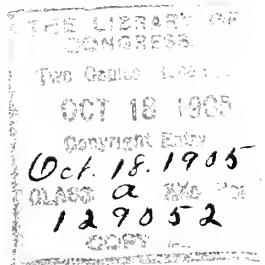
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*Weary of the Winter's prose,  
Leave it for a little while ;  
Seek the realm of rhyme and rose,  
In the southland's sunny smile.*

*Find again the joys that came  
With the June and with her sped ;  
Find the Summer and the same  
Flawless sapphire overhead.*

*She and all her dreams await  
In the Eden of the South ;  
We shall greet her at the gate  
With a red rose in her mouth.*

*Winter we shall soon forget,  
For in that enchanted clime  
God to melody has set  
All the sweet of summer-time !*



### A SOUTHERN FLIGHT

The winter day dragged drearily  
In icy pallidness away  
Before we flung our hawsers free,  
And dropped adown the Bay.

Then twilight swooped ; the shore grew blind,  
Save where the sunset's gusty pink  
Stained the embattled clouds behind  
The hills of Navesink.

Soon Barnegat flared out its fire  
As we the purple ridges clomb ;  
Five-Fathom Bank its white desire  
Flashed o'er the fields of foam.

And ere the dawn broke vermeil-bright  
O'er beryl league on weltering league,  
Shimmered across the void of night  
The star of Assateague.

We dreamed we saw the twin capes pass  
Through shredded fog that worketh dole,  
And caught round stormy Hatteras  
The long Atlantic roll.

Afar from Lookout and from Fear  
We faced and cleft the flying flaw ;  
Tall Tybee's tower we left a-rear,  
And lonely Ossabaw.

Then on a morning blithe and bland  
The land,—the longed-for land ! — and, ah,  
Above the tawny dunes of sand  
The palms of Florida !

The palms, the sunshine, and the breath  
Of flowers, the sky without a stain ;  
And after winter's dearth and death,  
Summer and life again !

### A SEA NOCTURNE

Above the sea in splendor  
The new moon hangs alone,  
A silver crescent slender  
Set in a sapphire zone ;  
Around me breathe the tender,  
Sweet zephyrs of the south :  
Night will not let  
My heart forget  
Her kisses and her mouth.

The loose sails idly swinging,  
The ship lights' glow and gleam,  
The bell-buoys' muffled ringing,  
Drive all my thoughts to dream,—  
To dream of her voice singing  
The songs I love the best :  
Night will not let  
My heart forget  
Where she has made her nest.

O Love, where art thou biding  
While hangs this moon on high ?  
Star in the twilight hiding,  
Come forth and light the sky  
Above the ship slow gliding  
Over the southern sea :  
Night will not let  
My heart forget  
Love's eyes that shine for me !

### SAINT AUGUSTINE

Quaint old town by the sea  
Under the southern star,  
Sleepy with sun, to me  
Dear as a dream you are !  
The climbing jasmines bar  
Your balconies with their green ;  
Ever you lure from afar,  
Fair Saint Augustine !

Ever you lure when the year  
Over the north-land throws  
A spell that is white and drear,  
A mantle of sleet and snows ;  
Ever your sunset's rose,  
Your water's shifting sheen,  
Beckon the heart that knows  
Fair Saint Augustine !

Strange are your narrow streets  
With their dull, half-Spanish air ;  
The palms, and the song that greets  
The ear from the mock-birds there ;  
The slave-mart in the square ;  
And, high o'er the drowsy scene,  
The bells that sound to prayer,  
Fair Saint Augustine !

Down by the long sea-wall  
Fondly the lovers stroll;  
The bell-buoy sends its call  
In from the harbor shoal;  
The old fort hears the roll  
Of the tide where its ramparts lean,—  
Shell of a far-flown soul,—  
Fair Saint Augustine !

Memoried town by the sea,  
Take what little is mine,—  
This strain of melody  
To the palm land from the pine,  
This slender lyric line  
From one whose heart has been  
Thine, and is ever thine,  
Fair Saint Augustine !

### THE TREE TAVERN

In the Tavern of the Tree,  
Listen to the revelry :  
Mark the merry minstrel there  
Seated in his leafy chair,  
At his cups the whole day long,  
Paying toll with silver-song.  
Every draught he takes is drawn  
From the cellars of the Dawn ;  
Fragrant dew from flowery flasks,  
Amber air from fairy casks  
Brought from Araby, and bright  
With the Orient's golden light ;  
All the spice of buds and vines  
Flavors his delicious wines ;  
Is it strange his lyrics hold  
So much of the summer's gold ?  
Rapture of the roses caught,  
Into music deftly wrought ;  
Run and ripple of the rills  
All translated in his trills ;  
Every sweet, enchanted thing  
In his gladness made to sing.

Ah, my mocking-bird, drink on  
Till the happy day is gone ;  
Till the pale moon rising up  
Drops the stars down in your cup ;  
Then to dreams once more, and then —  
All the world grows still again !

### A SONG

Under the pendulous plumes of the palm,  
Drowsing, I dream in the odorous calm ;  
    Dreams of delight and of rapture  
    I capture  
Out of this bower of the bloom and the balm.

Over me carols a bird on the bough,  
Passionate melody, amorous vow ;  
    All of his happy song spells me  
    And tells me  
*Fly to her, lover, and speak to her now !*

Sweetheart, I send you the song of the bird :  
Dared I interpret the message I heard,  
    This were the whisper above you,—  
    *I love you !*  
This were the music, the secret, the word.

### THE JESSAMINE BOWER

I know a bower where the jessamine blows,  
Far in the forest's remotest repose ;  
    If once the eyes have beholden  
    The golden  
Chalices swinging, farewell to the rose !

Just at the bloom-burst of dawn is the hour  
God must have fashioned the delicate flower,—  
    Wrought it of sunlight, and thrilled it  
    And filled it  
With a beguiling aroma for dower.

Here hath the air an enchantment that seems  
Borne from the bourn of desire and of dreams,—  
    Borne from the bourn of youth's longing  
    Where, thronging,  
Dwell all love's glories and glamours and gleams.

Here doth the palm-plume depend and the pine ;  
Here doth the wild-grape distil its dark wine ;  
    Here the chameleon, gliding  
    And hiding,  
Changes its hues in the shade and the shine.

Luring the lights are that falter and fail,—  
Emerald, amber and amethyst pale,  
    Splashes of radiant splendor  
    And tender  
Tints as when twilight is deep in a dale.

By no bold bees are the stillnesses stirred ;  
Scarce is there bubble of song from a bird,  
    Save for the turtle-dove's cooing  
    And wooing,—  
Rapture without an articulate word.

Sway on, O censers of bloom and of balm !  
Sweeten the virginal cloisters of calm !  
    Be there one spot lovely, lonely,  
    Where only  
Peace is the priestess, and silence the psalm !

### A FLORIDA TULIP

Crimson cup, wherein is blent  
Something of the spice and scent  
Hinting of the Orient,

You remind me  
Of a garden sweet that lies  
Under other summer skies,—  
Of the lips and of the eyes  
Left behind me.

You recall a blossom bower  
Where I found love's magic flower,—  
O the rapture of that hour,  
And the sweetness !

When the East was yellow flame,  
When to kiss me first she came  
Bringing me the joy we name  
Love's completeness.

So I lift you to my mouth,  
In this garden of the South,  
For my lips are parched with drouth  
Long unbroken :  
Give me of your share of bliss,  
One remembrance of that kiss :  
All I ask of you is this  
Tulip token.

Let me gently tilt you up  
To my lips once while I sup  
Fragrance from your crimson cup,  
    And discover  
Once again the kiss I found,  
Once again the bliss that crowned  
Those two lips where sweets abound  
    For a lover.

### A FLORIDA NIGHT

The slender new moon seems as frail  
As thin ice 'twixt November reeds ;  
A bird-note from a distant swale  
Mounts and recedes.

A wan moth dips across the dusk  
Like a magnolia's ghost, and then,  
Amid the scent of rose and musk,  
Is gone again.

The dews gleam beryl-wise ; you come,  
Your hair caught up in amber strands,  
Life's bliss — its whole ecstatic sum —  
In your white hands !

### AT DUSK

The air is filled with scent of musk  
Blown from the garden's court of bloom,  
Where rests the rose within her room  
And dreams her fragrance in the dusk.

Above, attended by her stars,  
The full moon rises, round and white,—  
A boat in the blue Nile of night  
Drifting amid the nenuphars.

And now the whippoorwill who knows  
A lyric ecstasy divine  
Begins his song. Ah ! sweetheart mine,  
What shall love's answer be, my Rose ?

### AT FORT MARION

Above the bastions and long, low beaches  
The clamoring ospreys poise and soar  
While the ramparts over the harbor reaches  
Gaze as they gazed of yore.

In the cedar-trees by the ancient entry  
The mock-birds sweeten the gliding hours,  
But there's never the sign of a single sentry  
In one of the guardian towers.

Gone the trace of each old commando  
The Spaniards sent to this shore of bloom ;  
The dungeons fashioned by Don Hernando  
Are peopled only with gloom.

Tiny peace-flowers gleam in the grasses  
That green the width of the gaping moat ;  
War, with its bugles and marching masses ?—  
Not the wraith of a note !

Only dreams by night of the olden  
Days when the doughty deeds were done ;  
Only dreams by day in the golden,  
Bland Floridian sun !

## THE CATHEDRAL BELLS

SAINT AUGUSTINE

High in the old cathedral tower they hung,  
Four ancient bells, the bronze arpeggio  
That called to prayer the gray monks long ago,  
And marked the hour while mass was said and sung.  
Over a land of fragrant flowers they flung  
Petals of music that were wont to blow  
Out of the rose of Time, whereof we know  
Naught save how sweet it is and ever young.

Listen ! across the midnight comes their call ;  
Twelve in succession sound the bell-notes clear :  
A day has gone ; another day, begun.  
I catch their message as the echoes fall :  
*Vale Hispania !* Day of shadows drear !  
*Ave America !* Day of joy and sun !

### THE FORTRESS OF SAN MARCO

Gray as the gulls above, San Marco lies,  
Builded by Spain three centuries ago ;  
A star of stone—a star whose gleam and glow  
Are gone forever, blotted from our skies.  
Bastion and battlement before me rise  
Storied with memories of war's grim woe,  
But over them, in balmy gales that blow,  
Triumphantly the flag of freedom flies.

Along the ramparts now the lizards crawl,  
Or lazily lie basking in the sun ;  
Beyond the moat the sea-tides lift and fall ;  
And while I dream of battles lost and won—  
Sudden a voice !—and then I see him, small,—  
A Yankee bugler on a Spanish gun !

### NIGHT ON THE SEA-WALL

Athwart the bay the Anastasia light  
Pencils a golden pathway up whose beams  
One might ascend unto the port of dreams,—  
Some vision-haven in the heart of night.  
In silvery syllables the tides recite  
Their luring lyrics, plaintive old-time themes  
Of days when hither, drawn by gold's red gleams,  
Spain winged her galleons on their far sea-flight.

How hath the imperial aegis of her power  
Waned, as the wasted moon adown the sky !  
Here all is changed, yet strange doth it befall  
That Love, of yore the monarch of this hour  
When lips to lips make passionate reply,  
Is still the sovereign of the old sea-wall !

### A SOUTHERN BALCONY

In the soft glow and glamour of the night  
I heard the sound of music down the street,  
A girl's voice singing some old ballad sweet,  
A song of love and all of love's delight.  
Above me hung the moon's great blossom bright,  
And swarms of stars like bees came forth to greet  
This bloom of wonder in its blue retreat,—  
This world-flower with a bosom lily white.

Within the plaza drowsily the purl  
Of fountains fell upon the fragrant air,  
And I, aweary of the long, hot day,  
Slumbered and dreamed; and still that singing girl  
Sang in her balcony,— and I was there  
With you, Sweetheart, a thousand miles away !

## DAWN IN CAROLINA

The opal sky grew daffodilian  
With luminous presage ; the expectant pines  
Leaned orientward in long and silent lines,  
Then through their boughs a little murmur ran.  
It was as though the whole awaiting clan  
Spake each to each in whispers ; e'en the vines  
And pendant moss, that clings and intertwines,  
To thrill with some fine prescience began.

There seemed a troubadour in every tree ;  
Trill answered trill, and run replied to run ;  
And when there burst a crowning ecstasy,  
Lo, adown corridor and colonnade,  
Piercing the shadow, shattering the shade,  
Sovereign in sudden imminence,— the sun !

### TO A MOCKING-BIRD

Thou feathered minstrel perched in yonder tree,  
Thou bird-magician in a blue-gray coat ;  
Trickster of tune, thou canst repeat by rote  
Thy rivals' songs and win their loves to thee !  
Song-sorcerer, who canst with melody  
Lure us to listen, thou whose slender throat  
Is full of sweetness bubbling note by note,  
Wizard of music, sing thou on to me !

Chatter of blackbird, warble of the wren,  
Joy of the jay, and passion of the thrush,  
And every trill that ever bird has known,—  
I heard him jesting for awhile ; and then,  
Softly upon the morning in a gush  
Of lyric love I heard him call his own.

### NIGHT OFF HATTERAS

We saw the light-ship winnowing the west  
With its thin fan of flame, and from afar  
A beacon glimmered like a ruddy star  
Across the ocean's undulating breast.  
Here in this haunt that harbors storm for guest,  
Where currents join with roaring rush and jar,  
There was no sign of tumult, naught to mar  
The night's blue vastness and the sense of rest.

Peace lay upon the waters; o'er the sky  
Peace spread the visible aura of its wings;  
It was as though the warring winds were awed;  
We felt that from the void's immensity,—  
The brooding mystery that round it clings,—  
Leaned the Inscrutable whom we name God!

### THE SPELL

There is a garden of the South  
That lies along the sea,  
Kissed ever by the Summer's mouth,  
And sweet with melody.

Around it runs a fragrant zone  
Of rose and jasmine blent,  
From whose bloom-builded bowers are blown  
Breaths of the Orient.

The wonder-songs of mocking-birds  
Made for the day's delight,  
Are still remembered in the words  
Lispèd by the breeze at night.

Sweetheart, if you were here to grace  
This garden with your eyes,  
Eden were this enchanted place,  
Just next to Paradise.

### MORNING BY THE MATANZAS

Swiftly the tides of the Matanzas run  
Racing to sea beneath the morning sun.

The reeds a-row like shimmering spears-men stand  
Guarding the gray approaches to the land.

One white gull swoops across the middle space,  
The animate embodiment of grace;

And pressing toward the shore, tree crowding tree,  
The woodland treads with murk and mystery,

Scarfed with the golden jessamine, and the plume  
Of the wild plum with its ethereal bloom.

Such, so one dreams, was the strange wonder-spell  
Smote Ponce de Leon on his caravel

Sweeping the radiant reaches, till, in truth,  
He deemed the land must hold the Fount of Youth.

### IN ABSENCE

It matters not how far I fare,  
Or in what land I bide,  
Your voice sings ever on the air,  
Your face shines at my side.

For me each crimson flower that slips  
Its velvet sheath of green  
Yields the remembrance of your lips  
With all their sweets between.

Your hair is in the dusk that lies  
Around me when I rest;  
My only stars are your dear eyes,  
Love's own and loveliest.

Happy am I, though far apart  
From all that makes life dear:  
Love dwells contented in my heart,  
Exiled yet always near.

---

---

A S O U T H E R N F L I G H T

---

Then take my message, Sweet, and know  
How far your love has flown  
To cheer and bless your lover, so  
Lonely, but not alone :

I send it from the drowsy South,  
A dream of my delight,  
A message to your rosebud mouth,  
A kiss, and a good-night !

### SONG AT DAYBREAK

Unto the portal of the Day there came  
A shining presence fashioned out of flame,  
And from that purple threshold of the world  
Arrows of fire across the shadows hurled.

Into the forest, over plain and sea  
The darts in silence sped unerringly,—  
Lances of sunlight from the Morning's bow,—  
Until the firmament was all aglow.

Then from the zenith suddenly I heard  
The dew-fresh notes of some enraptured bird,  
Lost in the golden labyrinth of light,  
Singing the dreams of the departed Night.

### NOCTURNE

About her while she slumbers  
Breathe, zephyrs of the night,  
And weave of lyric numbers  
Dreams that shall bring delight!

The secrets of the roses  
In fragrant whispers tell,  
Unto her who reposes,—  
A white pearl in its shell.

Sing of the stars above her,  
Then once, ere you depart,  
Sing softly how I love her,—  
Dear keeper of my heart.

And when the dawn has shaken  
The diamonds from the vine,  
From sweet dreams let her waken  
To find these arms of mine.

## SERENADES IN THE SOUTH

### I

Dreams at midnight ! . . . Ah, my Sweet,  
Sometimes, i' the night's heart, I  
Catch the transitory beat  
    Of a dream that wingeth by,  
Wrought of gold that seemeth spun  
( As your hair is) from the sun ;  
Wrought of flowers, their glow, their grace ;  
( As your face is—ah, your face ! )  
Be my dreams, then, still of you,  
For 'tis midnight dreams come true !

Dreams at midnight ! . . . Dearest heart,  
    In the moon's mid-watches, I  
Sometimes out of slumber start,  
    As a dream goes fleeting by,  
Fashioned from caresses such  
As I know are in your touch ;  
Holding all the perfect bliss  
Of your yet unmemoried kiss.  
Be my dreams, then, still of you,  
For 'tis midnight dreams come true !

II

Lovers all who fondly stray  
Down the jasmine-wreathèd way,  
Pluck the bloom and drain the chalice  
To the full while yet ye may !

*Lyric lip and morning eye,  
Hasten ere the dream goes by !*

Youth is fair but youth is fleet ;  
And ye may not mesh his feet ;  
Ah, but while the springal lingers,  
Life is luring, life is sweet !

*Lyric lip and morning eye,  
Hasten ere the dream goes by !*

### SPRING SONG

Voice of April, liquid clear,  
In the daybreak of the year ;—  
Spring's blue herald in the tree  
    Caroling his heart away,  
Catch and madrigal and glee :  
    Spring is here to-day !

Breath of April, redolent  
Of the attared Orient ;—  
Spring's faint whisper softly blown  
    Through the green leaves on the spray,  
Making her glad message known :  
    Spring is here to-day !

Feet of April, swift and light,  
Leaving all the landscape bright ;—  
Spring's quick footfall on the ground  
    Dewdrops on the grass betray ;  
Shine the tokens all around :  
    Spring is here to-day.

Face of April, fair its gleam  
As the young Year's waking dream ; —  
Spring's glad smile on earth and sky, —  
    Silver mist and golden ray, —  
Shower and sunshine slipping by :  
    Spring is here to-day !

Lips of April, how they shine  
Through the fretwork of the vine !  
Spring's fresh kisses — each of them —  
    Jewel bud or blossom gay, —  
Honey sweet on twig and stem :  
    Spring is here to-day !

Heart of April, last and best,  
Beating fast against my breast ; —  
Spring's own self ! Ah, Sweetheart true,  
    Love no dearer words can say ;  
April is none else but you !  
    Spring is here to-day !

### THE NIGHT VOYAGE

Silent we sailed the phosphorescent seas,  
Our ship a bark with shadowy masts and spars,  
While gleamed o'erhead, in glorious galaxies,  
The phosphorescent stars.

The breeze that breathed about us bore the balm  
Of coral cove and long land-locked lagoon,  
Where shines above the tall lianaed palm  
The Caribbean moon.

A far off pharos from its hidden height  
Across the waters flung its beckoning beam,  
And so we glided through the violet night  
Bound for the bourn of dream.

## THE MESSAGE

In a southern garden scented  
And sweet with the jasmine flower,  
By the mocking-birds frequented  
In each blossom-builded bower,  
What a passionate outpouring  
From the fragrant boughs above!  
And out to the northland soaring  
Go the lyric-songs of love.

In the heart of one who hearkens  
Is a lover's lighted shrine,  
And never a shadow darkens  
This home of a hope divine,  
Where love like these birds rejoicing  
Makes melodious the place,  
While breathing her name and voicing  
His longing to see her face.

O my Own, if song can find you  
In the northland where you are,—  
If the white snows do not blind you  
To a clear and steadfast star,—  
Let your eyes look forth in splendor  
And hark for your heart's strange beat,  
A dream with a message tender  
Is bound for your slumber, Sweet.

### THE WIND IN THE PALMS

The voice of the wind in the palms,  
What does it say  
In the sweet sunset calms  
At the dip of the day?

“Ever and evermore”—  
Thus doth it mourn,  
“From shore unto uttermost shore  
By my fate I am borne.

“Slave to a vast unrest,  
I may never abide,  
But am swept on an endless quest  
Like the toss of the tide.

“I long—how I long!—for peace,  
And the soothing of sleep,  
But my farings may not cease  
On the face of the deep;

“Nay, nor the face of the land,  
For fiercely afar  
Where the mightiest mountains stand  
Do I clutch at the star

"That hangs, the vault's red thrall:  
And I know the soul.  
Alone of adventurers all,  
Of the ultimate pole.

"So I, who would fain be one  
With quietude.  
Am doomed, until time be done,  
To the wandering mood."

Thus saith the wind in the palms  
(List to their sway!)  
In the sweet sunset calms  
At the dip of the day.

### AT HER WINDOW

Come to thy window, Love,  
And through the lattice bars  
Show me a fairer sky above  
With two more lovely stars ;  
So shall the southern night  
Know new depths of delight,  
And I in dreams grow wise  
Remembering thine eyes.

Come to thy window, Sweet,  
And wide the lattice swing,  
That vagrant zephyrs may repeat  
What words my lips shall sing  
Unto your ears anew,  
Up from the fragrant dew.  
That all your dreams may be  
Like those that gladden me.

Come to thy window,— Soft !  
Thy footstep light I hear :  
About me, silence ; but aloft  
A melody most dear :  
It is thy voice that fills  
The night's blue cup and spills  
Into the air the words  
The rose breathes to the birds.

Come to thy window,—So,  
I glimpse the gleam of grace ;  
Rose of all roses now I know  
Featured in thy fair face :  
Now all love's joy is mine  
Save one heart that is thine.  
Dearest, my dream is this . . .  
Thy heart's beat and thy kiss !

### THE SILENT DAY

All day from bole to live-oak bole  
A tenuous curtain of gray haze  
Spread, and sound seemed to lose its soul  
Throughout the woodland ways.

No music murmured in the pine ;  
No tremor moved the wild plum bloom ;  
The bee within the jasmine vine  
Dozed, drunken with perfume.

Then the west wind crept o'er the hill  
And just at sunset rent the veil ;  
A mock-bird gave a lingering trill,—  
A choir took up the tale ;

The very sod grew vocal, aye,  
The leaves became a lyric throng !  
Earth throbbed with twilight ecstasy,  
And day went out in song.

## LONGINGS

Absent from you, I linger here alone,  
And all around me roses fresh and fair  
Girdle the garden with a fragrant zone,—  
Yet my Rose is not there.

Morning and afternoon, the whole day long,  
The feathered minstrels in the boughs above  
Pour out their lyric hearts, yet in their song  
I miss the voice I love.

And when the twilight's miracle is wrought,  
Studding with stars the sapphire of the skies,  
Into my dreams forever comes the thought  
Of two belovèd eyes.

Despite such days and nights, a something more  
My heart would have to make its joy complete :  
Hasten, ye laggard Hours, unto her door,  
And bring me to my Sweet !

## DORCHESTER CHURCHYARD

SOUTH CAROLINA

Thorn-keen withes and briars  
The lonely garth enfold,  
Where the rathe spring lights her fires  
Over the matted mould.

The only mourners there  
Are the moss that droops from the bough,  
And the mock-bird spelling the air  
With the pathos of its vow.

The marbles are gray with grime,  
Sunken or cleft apart;—  
O despot hand of Time,  
Inexorable thou art !

Naught but a crumbling tower,  
Long since reft of its bells,  
Of the hamlet's ancient power  
With eloquent silence tells.

All through the lonely night  
The Ashley lisps to its reeds,  
And that feathered eremite,  
The gray owl, slips his beads.

Gone,—all of life is gone,—  
An empty and ashen husk !  
Never a gleam of the dawn,  
Naught left but death and the dusk !

## DORCHESTER FORT

SOUTH CAROLINA

Below the river winds, the tide at brim,  
The water lisping low some liquid name ;  
Above, the cardinal from limb to limb  
Flits like a scarlet flame.

The gateway gapes ; there is no warder there,  
Unless it be a ghostly sentinel ;  
War and its red array are otherwhere ;  
Here Peace has set its spell.

Perchance a gay colonial cavalier  
By that rude port once basked him in the sun ;  
And haply yonder, with his scorn of fear,  
Walked dauntless Marion.

“ Dreams ! fancy’s tissue ! ” do I hear you cry ?  
“ Why fill our ears with visionary themes ? ”  
Go, tread the spot, then, if you will, deny  
It is a place for dreams !

### A BALCONY SONG

Sweet, in your balcony above  
The garden's rose-hung bower,  
Surpassing any dream of love  
Your face looks forth,—a flower.

Methinks on such a night as this,  
Long centuries ago,  
Leaned lovely Juliet to kiss  
The lips of Romeo.

And these same stars which overhead  
Are listening to-night  
Heard all the tender words they said,  
And witnessed their delight.

What wonder they so softly shine,  
For all they hear and see:  
Ah, Dearest, yield your lips to mine  
And give your heart to me !

### AT TWILIGHT

A little shallow silver urn,  
High in the west the new moon hung;  
Amid the palms a fountain flung  
    Its snowy floss, and there, above,  
With its impassioned unconcern,  
    A hidden bird discoursed of love.

I felt your hand upon my arm  
    Flutter as doth a thrush's wing,  
Then tighten. Sweet, how small a thing  
    Draws kindred spirits heart to heart!  
More was that hour's elusive charm  
    To us than eloquence or art.

### NOONTIDE

Roses—ah, but the scent!—fair as the dawn is fair;  
A fountain murmuring, run upon rippling run;  
“Winter!” you say; nay! nay! not with this wooing  
air,  
And that golden psyche there threading a dance in  
the sun!

### SUNSET

Against a crimson sky the drooping plumes of the  
palm;  
High in the west a star,—O the glamour and  
gleam thereof!—  
And, somewhere hidden, a bird piercing the soul of  
the calm  
With the rapture of its song, its passionate burden  
of love.

### MOONLIGHT

Mellow moon of the South, maiden of midnight glory,  
With your tenuous veil of orient amber spun,  
Ah, but you tell me still the same love-memoried story  
Of the asphodelian slopes, and the young Endymion !

### A THRUSH SINGING

Perched on the topmost branch of yonder tree,  
Emblem of joy and its epitome,

From his green minaret, in the noon's hush,  
Listen!—the song of the muezzin Thrush;

Music wherein the sweetness of the day  
Is all transformed in some transcendent way,—

Fragrance and color, glint of grass and dew  
Changed into melody and born anew;

The Earth beneath him, Heaven's blue above,  
And Allah leaning to his lyric love.

### BON VOYAGE

While yet the Summer lingers  
    Here in the drowsy South,  
With roses in her fingers  
    And smiles about her mouth,  
I dare to breathe my passion  
    To her that she may know  
My love for You, and fashion  
    A lover's lyric so.

Northward, some morning early,  
    Her old path she will take,  
Leaving her footprints pearly  
    With dewdrops in their wake ;  
Lighting the leafy places  
    With fragrant flowers, and then —  
Find where your lovely face is  
    And whisper *Home again!*

*The Southern Flight is done ; a dream-delight  
Our days beneath the stainless sky seem now ;  
The bar is cleared, the open sea in sight,  
And northward points the prow.*

*Farewell, O dear beguilement ! We must turn  
From paths of pleasure and of soft idlesse,—  
From all the spirit-balm of unconcern,—  
To ways of ceaseless stress.*

*The last palm fades till like a tiny hand  
It speeds us o'er the welter of the foam ;  
Our eyes strain forward toward the distant land,—  
The beckoning hills of home.*

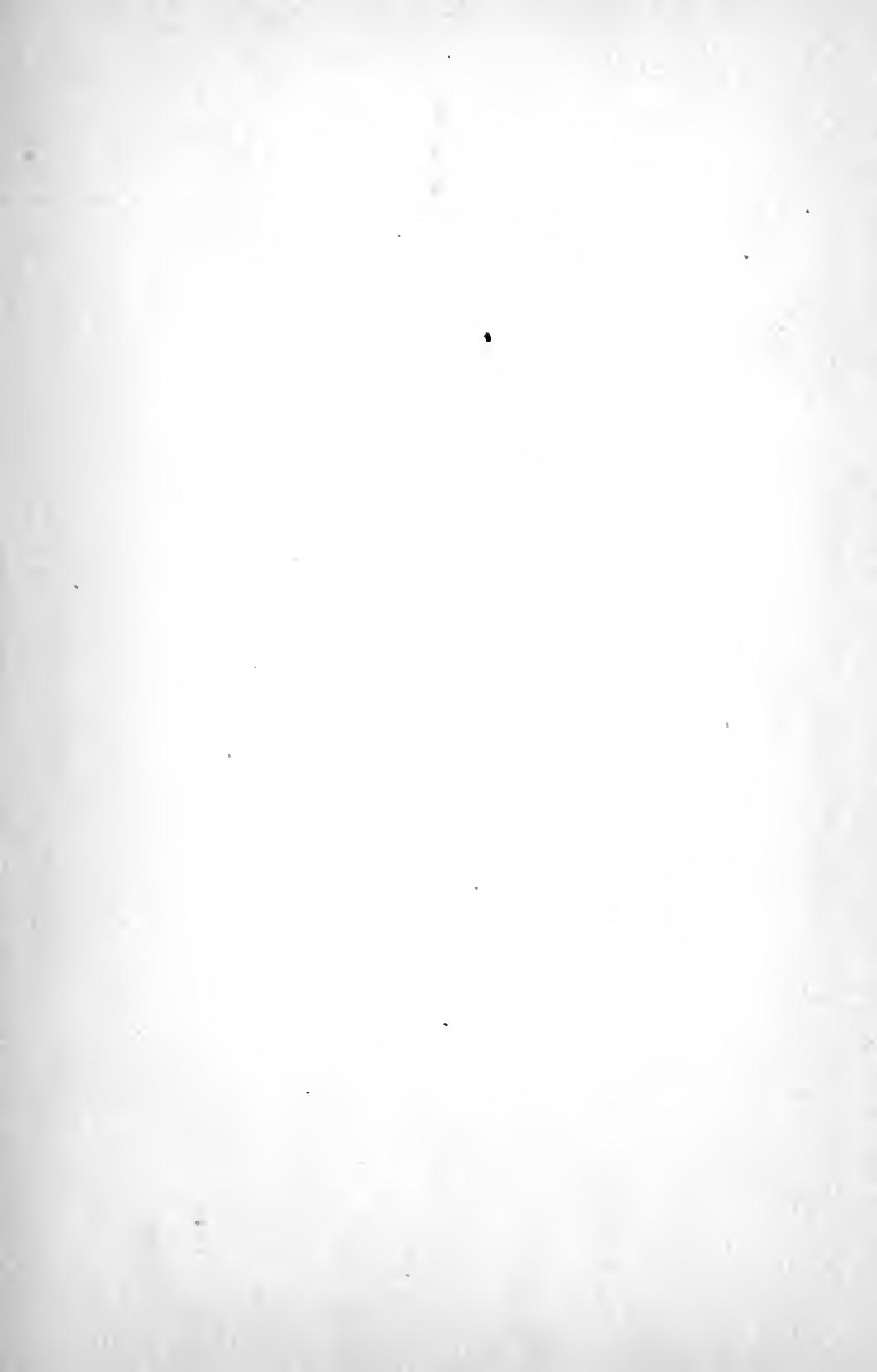


*This Edition of A Southern Flight printed by George William Browning at Clinton New York during the Summer of 1905 consists of Two Hundred & Fifty copies with Twelve additional copies on Japanese Hand-made Paper*

Number 160

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

*Clinton Scallard.*  
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